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**PRESIDENT CLEVELAND WILL PROTECT THE NATIONAL CORNFIELD HIMSELF.**  
 CHORUS OF CONGRESSIONAL CROWS.—We weren't treated in this way when the Grand Old Party was in charge!



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER\*  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. TILDEN'S death is to be regretted by his friends and by his political enemies. Every thoughtful Republican must wish that the ranks of his opponents were filled with men of Mr. Tilden's sort, rather than with the uneducated and unprincipled politicians who to-day fill far too many of the seats in Congress, or who are scrambling for office from Maine to California. There are few of the Tilden class in either party. Between him and the Blaines and Blackburns, Logans and Eustises, Quays and Hubert O. Thompsons, there was a difference great as the difference between white and black.

Whatever may have been Mr. Tilden's moral limitations, he had nothing in common with these political cormorants save the bondage of extravagant partisanship—that overwrought enthusiasm which ties an immortal man to a mortal faction and binds wholesome growth to inevitable decay. He was a man of principles and ideas. He had ambitions that looked higher than to the mere accumulation of money or the acquirement of that cheap ephemeral power which flatters some small souls. And beside this, he had courage and independence, and the breeding and education of a gentleman. Many men were forced, by conscience and conviction, to oppose his political aspirations; but all found him an adversary to be respected, and a man of dignity and power.

We who knew him, perhaps too well, as a shrewd man of business and a persistent politician, must not shut our eyes to what History will say of him, in her healthy optimism. History that is true history records but one thing—the gradual progress and bettering of the world. It gives the individual grace for his human weakness and ignorance, and tries to judge him by what he accomplishes for good in



## P. O. W.

FTEN I sit by the  
 moaning wave  
 That up to me  
 softly steals;  
 But I'm as  
 happy as hap-  
 py can be,  
 Reading my  
 PUCK ON  
 WHEELS.

I watch the fishermen hauling up  
 The blue-fish, porgies and eels;  
 But I'm as happy as I can be,  
 Reading my PUCK ON WHEELS.

Down on the sand I roll about,  
 Going head over heels,  
 Then I am as happy as any king,  
 Reading my PUCK ON WHEELS.

I often stay by the moaning sea,  
 Forgetting about my meals,  
 Oh, I am the happiest man on earth,  
 Reading my PUCK ON WHEELS.

Rolling about I always feel  
 The joy a warrior feels,  
 Because I'm happy from head to foot,  
 Reading my PUCK ON WHEELS.

When my false hair turns as white as snow,  
 And age upon me steals,  
 I'll feel as young as a fresh June rose,  
 Reading my PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price, twenty-five cents. By mail, thirty cents.

spite of his frailty and his environment. History must record of Samuel Tilden that he did his best to purify a great party fallen into a frightful moral decadence in its own Capuan stronghold; must note his wonderful work in the cause of civic honesty and good government, and his loyalty to his country at a time when all his affiliations must have inclined him to disloyalty or to an indifferent neutrality. And more than all this, History must say of him that he suffered a cruel wrong with dignified fortitude, and by his wisdom and self-restraint relieved his country from a well-grounded fear of dangerous civil disturbance. Remembering this, it is easy for the most partisan spirit to forget much else, and to do honor to the dead statesman and patriot.

We have learned much since the times of the Tweed ring, and the revelation of outrageous dishonesty in the administration of the Department of Public Works has not greatly surprised the citizens of New York. With one of their aldermen in jail, with the knowledge that most of the rest of them ought to be there, there is no great occasion for surprise in the announcement that the low Boston adventurer whom Mayor Edson put at the head of the Department—with the assistance of the Board of Aldermen—has been helping a gang of his associates to steal the people's

money. This may be held to betoken a state of cynical readiness to believe in the existence of evil; but we think it is a healthy sign.

It may be impossible for the law, as made for us by our hayseed legislators at Albany, to reach this conspiracy of common thieves. That is quite possible. But, at least, *we know them*. That is one thing gained. It is a great thing—greater than thoughtless people may suppose. When Americans are thoroughly waked up to the fact that they are wronged, when they comprehend the nature of the wrong and the mischief of it, they have a way of righting themselves that is effectual and decisive. It took generations of moral growth to make Americans understand that slavery wronged them. When they once understood this truth, they took the matter in hand, and slavery is no more. They are gradually coming to an understanding of the fact that political corruption is a wrong to them and their children; and when this understanding is complete, they will wipe out corruption as they wiped out slavery. Something was done to this end when the Tweed ring was broken; something was done in 1884, something will be done by this climactic exposure of the deep-seated iniquity that has all but ruined this city—and all these things bring the end nearer and nearer.

Something in this way is done by President Cleveland every time that he vetoes a bad pension-bill or any other piece of unworthy special legislation. That the President did not see fit to use his power to stamp the infamous River and Harbor bill, so-called, with his emphatic disapproval, must be a source of regret to the public at large. But, after all, reform in this matter must begin in Congress, and not outside of it. Mr. Arthur's veto conveyed no warning to our thick-headed legislators, and perhaps it is better to put upon them the responsibility of their own acts, and to leave them to deal directly with the people whose money they are using to buy their own reflections from the political brokers who deal in popular majorities. We may well put up with the loss of this one veto, remembering that President Cleveland has given a quietus to more iniquitous legislation than all his predecessors in office dared to combat.

## GREAT STATESMEN.



WASHINGTON LADY (to Mr. Evarts).—Do you not think, Mr. Evarts, that Daniel Webster was the greatest statesman this country has ever produced?  
 MR. EVARTS (with a qualifying cough).—Well—er—ah—um—for his time, Madam, for his time.



AN INHERITED TALENT.



MISS LLEWELLYN.—Have you read young Mr. De Lyle's charming story? It is just out, and is perfectly delightful.  
MRS. ABERNETHY.—No, I haven't seen it. I didn't know that De Lyle possessed literary talent. Did he inherit it?  
MISS LLEWELLYN.—Oh, yes. His father left him an immense fortune.

ENTRE NOUS.

I AM just over from Germany, where I have been studying medicine for two years. I landed only yesterday by the *Strychnia*. On the wharf I met an old acquaintance. He shook hands with me, and said: "Hallo, Bill!" I thought—nay, I hoped—that I had outgrown "Bill"; but it seems I was mistaken. He then surveyed my person critically, and remarked: "Well, old man, German beer seems to have agreed with you." This in reference to a certain rotundity of figure which has recently come to me, but to which it was not considered etiquette on the other side to refer. My critic continues: "Well, Bill, I suppose we must call you Doctor, now." This is the second time he has presented that hated Bill. I rejoin coldly that my friends have the utmost liberty of choice as to what they shall call me, and add, meaningly, that they seem to be availing themselves of it. He so far feels the sting of this rebuke that he says: "Well, Bill, if my dog gets sick, I'll send for you." We, then, as the play-books say, exeunt in several directions, laughing.

Across the dining-room of my hotel I see the familiar face of a dear old friend. In an instant I am shaking hands with him enthusiastically. "This moment"—I observe sentimentally to him—"is one that I have lived over again and again in my dreams."

He says: "Well, Will, German beer seems to have agreed with you."

I drop my dear friend's hand, and say that I am feeling very well, thank him.

My friend then observes, with originality:

"Well, Will, I suppose we must call you Doctor, now."

I explain with secret anger, but superficially jocose reference to my professional future, that

"Well, Willy, if my cat gets sick, I'll send for you." I fled the house, never to return again.

As a matter of duty I called on my old guardian. He was glad enough to see me, and said: "Well, William, German beer seems to have agreed with you."

I laid a heavy hand upon the old man's arm, and clinching it with a vice-like grip (Copyright 1492, by George W. Anonymous), said in a hoarse whisper:

"Stop, old man. I know what you are about to say. German beer *does* seem to have agreed with me; but you need not feel under the slightest obligation on that account to call me Doctor, now, nor yet to send for me professionally in the event of the illness of your cat or dog."

But even as I spoke, his aged lips moved as if repeating the formula:

"I suppose we must call you Doctor, now."

And as I sped away, there floated after me the murmurous words:

"Well, William, if my dog gets sick, I'll send for you."

I sail for Germany tomorrow on the *Morphia*. All this is *entre nous*.

F. E. CHASE.

IF THE Waterbury Watch Company should fail, they would have an awful time winding up their business.

BOOKS ARE bound in calf, book-agents in elephant.

it matters little *what* they call me, so that they *do* call me occasionally.

Then the idiot says: "Well, Will, if my dog gets sick, I'll send for you."

It is with the utmost difficulty that I bid the infernal ass good-day in a friendly manner.

Tears of joy stood in the eyes of my maiden aunt, from whom I have expectations, when she again beheld her favorite nephew. In a voice choked with joyful emotions, she cried:

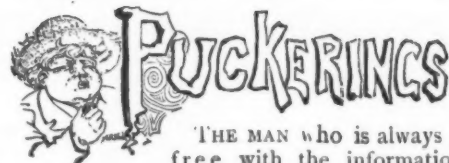
"Well, Willy, German beer seems to have agreed with you."

Adding, after a moment's reflection:

"Well, I suppose we must call you Doctor, now?"

All this I bore, mindful of my expectations; but when she said, after a pause:

"Well, Willy, if my cat gets sick, I'll send for you."



THE MAN who is always so free with the information, when he hears another order chicken-salad, that all chicken-salad is made of veal, would not be a dispenser of such information if he knew that veal costs about as much again as chicken. He belongs to the class of men who won't buy prairie-hens for fear of getting partridges, and won't smoke cigarettes because there is opium in them.

PRETTY SOON the poodle will be loaded to the muzzle, won't he, George? He will, will he? Well, he will not; he will be loaded into the pound-master's wagon and wagoned to the East River, and given a swim that will last him for the rest of his life. Now you may order juleps for two in consideration of your great rashness.

WHAT IS sauce for the tailor's goose should be sauce for the Michigander, is what a New Hampshire humorist sends us to print. We print it to please him, because we have refused the eighty-six jokes that accompanied it to please ourselves. What we are after is happiness for both of us.

WHEN A GREAT many people purchase coffee in the bean, as, for instance, the Bostonians, they little imagine way down in the basement of their hearts that they are in reality buying it in the Canadian pea.

SPRING LAMB is the only bird that has seven quarters. After taking away a fore-quarter, there are three quarters left. To make this kind of wit palatable, use plenty of mint-sauce.

IN THE bright lexicon of the book-agent there is no such thing as second-wind. The book-agent has only a first-wind, and that is so first-class that he never loses it.

ARTISTICALLY SPEAKING Gerome is the great off-colorist.

CONNAISSEURS.



"Say, Bill, this ain't no Sunday-school picnic; there's real oysters in this pie!"

THE CHRONICLE OF DONKEYS.

### III.—THE HUMOROUS DONKEY.



IT is when I lift my gifted pen and pause to think of the humorous donkey, that I realize how feeble are the adjectives of the existing languages and of the remains of the dead ones, to accurately portray the violent passions. Before the task I quail in the spirit of the profane man, who, unable to do the subject justice, when his dog buried his new silk-hat in the middle of a cherished flower-garden, and then retired four miles under the house to conceal its emotion, only gazed wildly about him in blank, stony despair, after running over his magazine of expletives mentally, and then fell to the ground a raving maniac.

The bitterness of my grief, however, is chiefly brought about by the circumstance that, to properly qualify my description of this beast, in order to distinguish him from the humorist who is not a donkey, I shall, by the fundamental law governing asininity, which I have previously explained, infallibly conceal his identity from himself. Of course, there are very few humorists who are not donkeys in a greater or less degree, but there are some of the species impaled upon the pinnacle of asininity, and these are they whom I would wound with my envenomed shafts. A man named Emerson, who formerly lived in a place called Concord, and has since, I think, become quite famous as a negro-minstrel—though it may be another person of the same name—once said that we always feel superior to the man who makes us laugh. Consider, then, how immeasurably contemptible is the wretch who attempts to make us laugh and fails.

You will all call to mind the humorous donkey at once. The most painful and pathetic of them all is the punster. There is, positively, no known method of suppressing him, for he will utter his suave pun upon the most biting sarcasm with which you assail him, and he is so constituted that he can enjoy his own jests when every other person in the room is revolted thereby. There are, of course, occasions—though they do not occur often, coming, on an average, about once in two hundred years, like a comet—when a pun is permissible. For instance, I myself have punned, and I trust I shall be acquitted of vanity or egotism, if I relate the circumstance, merely as illustrating my point, that there are occasions when a brilliant man is more than justified in thus entertaining his friends. It was only during the last Lenten season, that, on a rainy day, a friend asked me to lend him my umbrella, upon which I responded that I was afraid, if I did so, the umbrella might *keep Lent*. Of course, my *not* was highly enjoyed by all except one or two ill-bred and envious cads, who said that they had heard it before.

Another species of the humorous donkey is the fellow we all know, who is the wit of his home-circle, and therefore considers himself a great wag outside of it. He interrupts your most profound observations to make some asinine query, tending to bring you into ridicule, and he considers it an indication of brilliancy to make flippant comments upon serious affairs. He calls to you over several tables, in your café at breakfast, to ask how your head feels, and then leers with satisfaction when everybody makes up their minds that you have been dissipating the night before and feel rocky, and suggests that you wear your hat-box down-town instead of your hat.

He sits down opposite you in a street-car full of young ladies, and shouts in tones that can be heard from end to end of the vehicle:

"Hullo, Chappie! How's the baby?" and then enjoys your confusion when all the aforementioned young ladies gaze upon you with the interest and admiration due so young a *pater familias*, and this, despite the fact that you are unmarried and were just making an impression upon the pretty girl across the car.

But the humorous donkey who is the most utter nuisance of them all, is the species that is known as the practical joker. The practical joker is the only specimen of the Creator's handiwork that has no redeeming feature, and is absolutely useless, save as a fertilizer, and to prey upon his kind. One of the most pleasing spectacles on earth, however is to see one practical joker perpetrating his asininity upon another practical joker. It is an even more ecstatic circumstance than to observe one policeman club another, or the proprietor of a railroad-restaurant obliged to eat one of his own sandwiches. The complete asininity of the practical joker is sufficiently indicated by the hollowness of the satisfaction he obtains from the practice of many of his deviltries. He puts a raw oyster, for instance, in your waistcoat pocket, without your knowledge, and all the pleasure he gets out of it is the thought of your shudder of horror the next time you reach into that pocket. He will not be present to witness your discomfiture, and therefore he can only gloat in anticipation, and can never be sure that that anticipation is realized. Another trick of this donkey's is to pin your coat-tails together around the back of your chair at prayer-meeting, or the theatre, so that when you rise in a dignified manner you sit down again, sadly but not slowly. And the ass will almost chuckle his empty head off over this episode in your career, and probably achieve more satisfaction from the success of his trick than a sensible man would derive from witnessing the last performance of "Adonis." A person with a strong imagination can extract some pleasurable emotion from the practical joker, by fancying him in the sub-cellar of the bottomless pit, sitting for the remainder of eternity upon a bent pin, or endeavoring ever to place himself upon a chair which an attendant fiend shall always take from under him, so that he eternally falls to the floor. That would be something like retributive justice.

I take leave of the humorous donkey, feeling that I have not done him justice, but realizing that if I can not no one else can. Some slight consolation may be found in Ecclesiastes x, 12.

A FORTUNE AWAITS the man who can invent a tooth-brush that will not shed its bristles when being used to such an extent that its patron will feel as if he had been trying to untie a rope-knot with his teeth.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN on a Maine railroad a few days ago stopped at Biddeford for a moment to allow a passenger to get off and kiss his wife who happened to be in that town. Kissing one's wife under such extraordinary circumstances ought to give the proceeding a novel and even pleasant flavor.

WHEN a public speaker asks a question and "pauses for a reply," nothing breaks him up more than to have somebody reply.

WHEN YOU hear of a man who can do more work in one hour than any other man can accomplish in four, you can put him down as the laziest man on earth.

## ONE BRANCH OF THE ART.



SOLID MERCHANT (*reading begging letter*).—What! A strong, healthy man like you begging? Why don't you get work at your trade?  
BEGGAR.—I lost my voice, and had to give it up.  
SOLID MERCHANT.—What, are you an opera-singer?  
BEGGAR.—No; I peddle clams.



# A NEW PUNCTUATION-MARK.

RISE to suggest a change in punctuation that I am sure will be regarded with favor. As I understand the theory, it is the province of punctuation to assist the reader in catching the meaning of the author. Thus, the “?” serves to show that a question has been asked; when the “!” is used, the reader is supposed to be astonished or awed at the climax.

Now, right in this line, why has nobody ever invented a punctuation-mark to be used by humorists and paragraphers to show where the laugh comes in? It should never be necessary to read a joke twice through to see the fun in it, and a punctuation-mark placed at the proper point by the writer would relieve us all of much embarrassment, and oftentimes save an exhibition of apparent disrespect towards the author by failure to smile promptly. But it would prove especially valuable in the reprinting of anecdotes from the French and German, wherein frequently, no one would suspect that a joke were hidden. Different translators, of course, might punctuate at different points in the same paragraph, owing to the density of German, and the ambiguity of French humor, but in ordinary American jokes there could rarely be any question as to where the laugh was intended to come in.

Let me illustrate my suggestion by quoting

a good, regulation paragraph from the New Orleans *Picayune*. The symbol I shall use can easily be made in all printing establishments by taking two brackets placed sideways, and one above the other. This is the paragraph:

People open their hearts and expand when they marry. At a wedding they should not be called the contracting parties.

Out of respect to the *Picayune* man, I have put two punctuation points here, thinking that possibly he meant to imply a joke on general principles in people's marrying at all. I trust to see this suggestion utilized, and if the form of the new symbol is not liked, why not have a national convention of funny men to decide on one? F. R. B.

A HAIR RENEWER has for an illustrated advertisement a beautiful feminine arm with a snake wound about it. A love of propriety compels us to say that we think this would be a much better form of advertisement for the kind of beverages that are dearest to chronic elbow-crookers.

SWEDEN HAS a Baron Lagerfelt. But it seems eminently proper that he should belong to Bavaria.



A YOUNG MAN says that high-priced, poor living at a resort, should be called paste-board. The next thing we know, that young man will take a walk with his fair enslaver, if he has one, and, in a moment of intense heavenly rapture, pause in the ramble among the purple shadows of twilight to carve their initials on the bark of the dog.

It is reported that at Titusville, Pa., the only obtainable drink that intoxicates is ginger. This bit of news is sufficient to make the Maine Prohibitionists swear more than ever by the cookie, and excommunicate forever from the State the hated and baleful ginger-snap.

A MEDICAL AUTHORITY states that an egg is equal to a pound of beef. But when the itinerant tragedian gets a Shanghai berry on the jaw during his most impressive scene, he thinks it equal to an entire wild bull.

“DUST THOU art, to dust returnest,” was not spoken of the mole. But it ought to have been.

A DEAF AND DUMB man's communication is a thing that goes without saying.

## THE ANNUAL COLLECTION FOR THE HEATHEN.

OUR PASTOR GOES IT BIG.



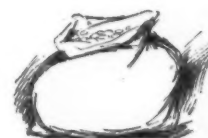
“Give what you can, beloved. Not being well off in worldly goods, I give my sympathies, my tears, as usual.”



This is the dear old lady who calls around annually and says that every one on the block has subscribed something for the poor heathen but you.



The Rev. Howdah Chow Chow, who has been there, and preaches the sermon in the evening, tells good stories of the heathen, and helps swell the bag immensely.



Picture of the bag after a glorious week's work.



The church expenses, of course, have to be paid.

TWO HEADS may be better than one. But the philosopher who made this observation could not have agreed with the thinker who said that too many cooks spoil the broth.

THE GREAT beauty of the city flat is that it doesn't cost the tenant half his income to keep a lawn clipped.

THE CHICKENS never worry about their crops, says our private Brahma rooster.

TO MAKE the set complete New Jersey should name a village Mock Orange.

THE DARK AGES—Those of Women of Questionable Years.

A MILL RACE—Pugilists.



The missionary society has its innings.



While the dear old lady never gets left.



Rev. Howdah thinks the pastor acted like a hog.



The missionary takes something for the mission.



Even the red flannel shirt is missing when the bag arrives.

A MAN who evidently spent much of his time in the pit of the Old Bowery, sends us a thrilling poem in which he uses a rhyme heretofore unheard of, viz.: “creator” and the-a-ter.

RHADAMANTHUS.—A pianist uses the treadles only for one purpose, namely, to get all the foot-notes out of a piece of music.

THE CONVICTED murderer can not be said to have a very high regard for the law, but he has for the law's delay.

A RADISH is the thing that should always be taken cum grano salis.

WITHOUT FOUNDATION—Houses on the Instalment Plan.

## PARTICULAR PARAGRAPHS.

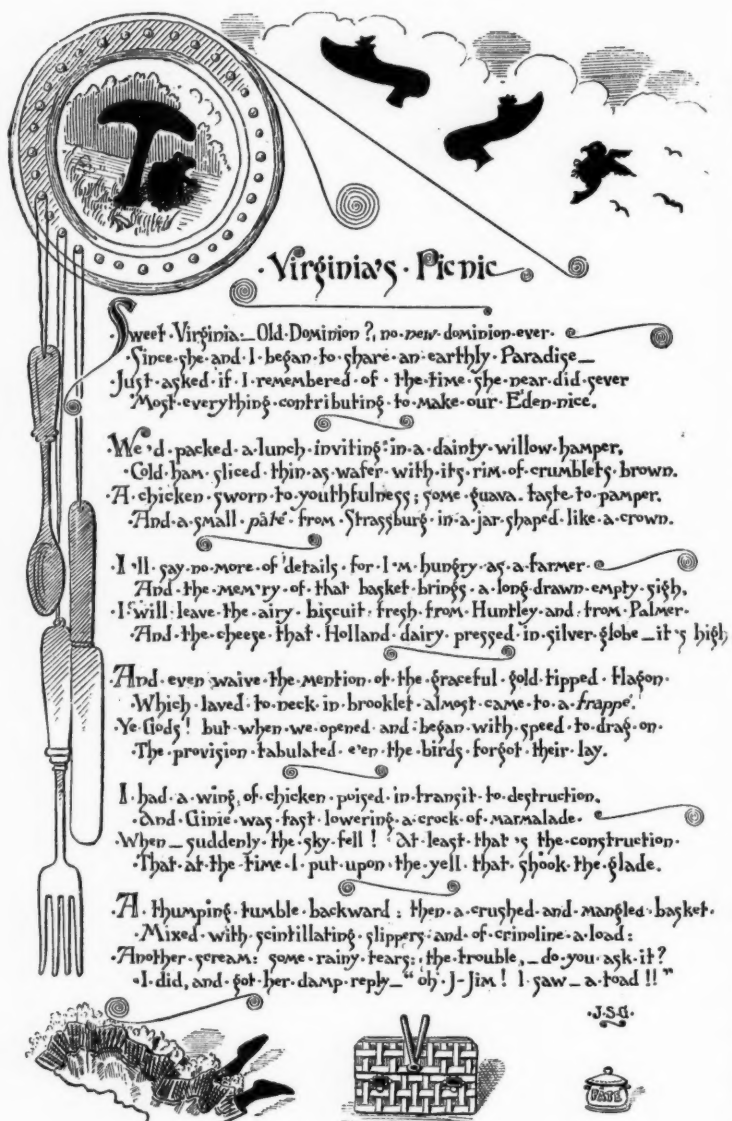
"**H**OW THEY Dine in Berlin" is the title of an article recently printed in the *Sun*. We did not read the article, because we felt that we could tell the whole story in three words: Off their knives.

IT is said that you can remove a coffee-stain from damask by soaking it in milk. But we should think the best way would be to put some milk in the coffee in the first place.

THIS is the time of the year that the Egyptian goes forth in the Waterbury watches of the night, and surreptitiously cuts the camels-hair shawls off his neighbor's camels.

NOTHING in this world better represents suffering and anguish than a migratory dog chained to a tree when his owner is starting off for a walk.

AN ANSWER WILL OBLIGE.—If Mrs. Cleveland is the first lady in the land, then who in the name of thunder is our hired girl?



Sweet Virginia—Old Dominion? no new dominion ever.

Since she and I began to share an earthly Paradise—

Just asked if I remembered of the time she near did sever

Most everything contributing to make our Eden nice.

We'd packed a lunch inviting in a dainty willow hamper,

Cold ham sliced thin as wafer with its rim of crumblets brown.

A chicken sworn to youthfulness; some guava taste to pamper.

And a small pâté from Strasburg in a jar shaped like a crown.

I'll say no more of details for I'm hungry as a farmer.

And the memory of that basket brings a long drawn empty sigh.

I'll leave the airy biscuit fresh from Huntley and from Palmer.

And the cheese that Holland dairy pressed in silver globe it's high.

And even waive the mention of the graceful gold-tipped Haçon.

Which layed to neck in brooklet almost came to a frappe.

Ye gods! but when we opened and began with speed to drag on.

The provision tabulated even the birds forgot their lay.

I had a wing of chicken poised in transit to destruction.

And Ginie was fast lowering a creak of marmalade.

When suddenly the sky fell! At least that's the construction.

That at the time I put upon the yell that shook the glade.

A thumping tumble backward then a crushed and mangled basket.

Mixed with scintillating slippers and of crinoline a load.

Another scream some rainy tears; the trouble—do you ask it?

I did, and got her damp reply—"Oh J-Jim! I saw a toad!"

J.S.G.

CONGRESSMAN SPOUTER.—Yes, I intended to say more; but the fact is, I had an impediment in my speech.

CONSTITUENT.—Why, what was it?

CONGRESSMAN S.—The five-minute rule.

ENGLISH DINNERS are said to be very heavy. This is probably why the well-fed Englishman likes *Punch* as a post-prandial companion.

HASSAM.—We never heard of a bread riot in Boston. If Boston ever had a riot it was a pie riot.

THE REASON that tramps are so poverty-stricken and wretched is because they don't advertise.

## YACHTING VS. DRIVING.



EMPHATICALLY I say it, there can be no doubt as to which of these two favorite methods of getting rid of money is the more pleasant, in the minds of lovers of either of them. But to the unprejudiced eye of poverty that, being wholly unable to compass either, views both with the calm of scornful indifference, it is not so easy a point to decide.

Hygienically regarded, the buggy seems to enjoy a deserved advantage. What is more delightful than a drive over a good road, in good company, in the cool of the day? The sun is setting, and all nature is at rest. The eye falls upon a peaceful landscape, eloquent of happy homes and municipal prosper-

perity; a sense of well earned repose settles down over one's whole being. Then the carriage-wheel trips in a hole that somebody has carelessly left lying in the road, and the eye meets a large stone with which an inscrutable providence has thoughtfully decorated the foreground, and a *pot-pourri* of dust and splinters and carriage robes and language broods gloomily over the scene.

Now, nothing of this sort could ever, in the nature of things, occur on a yacht. Instead of the heat and dust of driving, we bound over the foaming billows before a spanking white-ash breeze. The grateful perspiration breaks out upon our throbbing brows as we lazily toy with a twenty-foot sweep, and the cool zephyrs that fan our temples, and the refreshing spray of the salt sea spume, occur to us now and again as an aggravating literary reminiscence. Then we plunge joyously beneath the translucent green waves as the old tub drifts helplessly up against another boat, in spite of all we can do, and caves in her side clear down to the keel.

No such mishap as this need be dreaded for an instant as a possibility of buggy-riding. The companionship of the horse, the noblest of animals, is as safe as it is elevating in its tendency. The horseman drives blithely from road-house to road-house, in all but perfect safety, ever and anon tossing off a flagon of beer or a beaker of cool, refreshing gin. No man was ever drowned in a carriage; the true lover of the horse passes away peacefully and quietly with a gin liver, surrounded by his family and friends.

Let us contrast, for an instant, this loathsome picture of disease with the exuberant and abounding health of the yachtsman. His haunt is the wide bosom of the ocean, his air the unpolluted breath of nature. His days are spent far from the vicious haunts of man; his lungs are filled with the intoxicating ozone of the breeze, and his stomach with the inebriating product of the still. Without any risk of arrest or of any subsequent penalty beside a severe headache, he enjoys the phantasmal society of nature's animal kingdom, as represented by blue monkeys and pink rats, and thus attains, in the exercise of pure imagination, the highest intellectual pleasure.

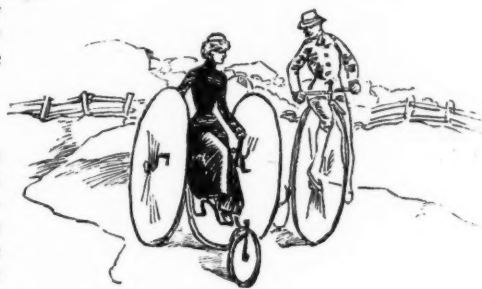
Oh, who would not be a yachtsman, were it not for the circumstance that, while a good turn-out, horse, carriage and harness, can be purchased for the comparatively trifling sum of five hundred dollars, a decent yacht can not be acquired for much less than as many thousands.

Yes, I would say with all my heart, "Give me a buggy," did I not bear in mind the fact that while I can take out but one young lady to ride, I can ship a full cargo of pretty girls on my yacht, and thus enjoy an amplitude of choice and a wealth of variety that is attainable in no other way.

I am for a yacht every time, only that it costs two or three thousand dollars a year to run one in style, while you can board a horse for six dollars a week.

That settles it in my mind—I'll buy a bicycle.

F. E. CHASE.



ALWAYS BEHIND TIME—The Back of a Clock.

MIGHT AND MANE are beautifully wedded in the lion.



## THE ENCHANTED FARM.

I ARRIVED at the farm for city boarders in the twilight of the evening, and walked up to the house through a pathway of flowers. A cow was feeding in the meadow, a fleet of ducks floated on the quiet pond, a team of horses rested in the field in front of a plough, on which a tired ploughman was leaning, and in the corn-lot stood a scare-crow, with a bird perched on top of it. The scene was highly rural and picturesque.

After breakfast, I went out to look at the farm. The cow stood in the same spot she had stood the night before. The ploughman was still leaning on his plough, and the weary plough-horses had not moved from the part of the field where I first saw them. The same number of ducks was floating on the meadow-pond, and the bird still stood on the scare-crow in the corn-lot.

Was the farm enchanted?

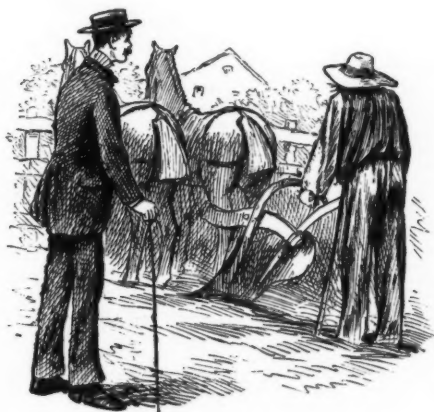
I walked up to the flowers on the lawn and picked some of them. They were odorless, though they belonged to species famous for their fragrance. This was puzzling.

I examined the flowers very carefully, and at last discovered why they were without fragrance.

They were artificial.

The flowers were made of velvet and papier maché, and were so natural as easily to deceive the ordinary eye.

I walked toward the scare-crow. The bird on it did not heed my approach. I threw a stone at him, but he regarded the attack with indifference. I never saw so tame a field-bird.



I walked up and laid my hand on him. He didn't flutter a wing. I looked at him.

He was stuffed.

I crossed over to the duck-pond. The bright-colored ducks were floating hither and thither. When I threw at them they all swam toward me. As they approached the bank, I saw that they were decoy-ducks.

From the duck-pond it was only a little way to the pasture where the cow was grazing. She was a very handsome animal, a mixed Durham and Guernsey, with a spotted hide and long, bright horns. I called to her, but she did not raise her head. As I approached her, I perceived that she had glass eyes, and that her hide was sewn together in sections.

She was stuffed.

I hastened away to the plough-field to have the ploughman explain to me why the flowers and the living things on the farm were artificial. As soon as I got to the lot where he was ploughing, I called to him. He didn't answer. I walked up to him and shook him. He didn't stir. I lifted his hat, which had fallen over his face.

He was stuffed with straw.

I glanced at the plough.

It had no colter.

I looked at the horses.

They were wooden.

I turned on my heel and walked back to the

## THE WATER MORE LEVEL THAN THE HEAD.



MCCANN.—Oi'll lay yez the price av a new hat, John, that Oi'll hev me soide av the cistern bailed out wid me pail before you has your soide impty wid the poomp!

farm-house. I found the farmer sitting on the piazza in an easy chair, smoking a Havana cigar.

"What do you mean," said I, "by keeping an artificial scare-crow, an artificial cow, an artificial team of horses, an artificial hired-hand, artificial ducks, and artificial flowers?"

"I keep them for the benefit," said he, "of my city boarders. These artificial objects give people a much better idea of rural life than they would if they were real."

"Tell me how," I asked in astonishment.

"Take that cow out there in the meadow—if she were a real cow, she would be down in the swamp where nobody could see her."

"Take that ploughman—if he were a real ploughman, he would be sitting behind a tree reading a dime-novel, and the horses would be off in a blackberry patch browsing."

"If those ducks were real, they wouldn't go near that pond, but would be quacking around the back-door and walking into the kitchen."

"There hasn't been a bird around the farm for years, and if that bird on the scarecrow was not a stuffed bird, there would not be a bird within ten miles of the farm."

"As for flowers, the delicate and gorgeous varieties you see on the lawn could not live in this climate and would not grow in this soil. Artificial flowers are now made so perfect that they will deceive almost every eye, and by planting them we have the most rare and beautiful flowers all summer long. We take them in when the last summer-boarder goes away, and place them on shelves, and when the summer comes around, we set them out again. Some of our artificial flowers have been on the lawn for ten years."

"We bought our artificial cow at a bargain of a bankrupt milk-stand at Coney Island. Our decoy ducks came from a sportsman's store in New York City. Our artificial dapple-gray horses came from a harness-shop in New York where they were used to display harness on. The artificial bird was purchased of a taxidermist."



"You are the only summer-boarder I ever had who complained that these things were artificial. Hundreds of city boarders have come here, stayed all summer, and then gone away without suspecting that they were not real. The truth is that city people affect an interest in rural life and rural scenes which they do not feel. They sit on this cool and shady veranda, and look out on the plough-horses and the ploughman, the cow, the ducks and the scarecrow, and never have enough real interest in them to go out and regard them closely. If I didn't have that stuffed cow out there, they would never see one. These stuffed things are object-lessons for the average city boarder."

"You are not a farmer?" I ventured to say.

"No, frankly, I am not. I know no more about agriculture than that straw ploughman who is driving those wooden horses down in the plough-field. If I was a farmer, I wouldn't be able to cook anything that you could eat. I am a restaurant-keeper from New York. Every spring I move my restaurant out here to this farm-house, put out my artificial cow and artificial horses, and launch my artificial ducks, and advertise for city boarders. I furnish them with tableaus of rural life and a first-class menu. They enjoy it, and what more should a man expect?"

## TO IDA.

COME, Ida, the night-air is chill,  
Let us haste from the dew-laden grove,  
Let us leave the sweet nightingale's trill,  
And the moon burning brightly above.

How quiet, how blest is the night!  
Could Love wish a holier spot?  
But the north-breeze thy beauty may blight,  
And mother doth wait at the cot.

Nay, pet, do not fly from my arms,  
Let reproach from those eyes quickly fall,  
'Tis the Love that can quake with alarms,  
Is the tenderest Love of them all.

Hark, 'tis mother who calls, let us hence!  
You won't? Then my mind I must steal:  
You "wow" all night long on the fence,  
And you ain't caught a mouse in a week.

TAM O'SHANTER.



**SAMUEL J. TILDEN—DIED,**

Sagacious, shrewd, and with a heart for Fate,  
Once in his life we well may call him great—





EN—DIED, AUGUST 4th, 1886.

When, tricked by knavery and despoiled by Might,  
He kept the country's peace—and forfeited his right.

## MR. JONES'S BABY.



H, YES, there is evidently something the matter with that child. Life has no charms for him. He is utterly indifferent about his personal appearance; don't care how his hair is combed, or whether it is combed at all; is equally indifferent as to whether his face is washed; treats all visitors, and especially his feminine friends, with

coldness and even with rudeness; openly laments their arrival and rejoices at their departure; declines to be interviewed concerning the number of his teeth; declines to show any one how big he is, or to entertain his relatives by clapping his hands; does not seem to feel at all complimented when told that he is fat.

I suppose if he were requested to entertain his relatives by standing on his head or walking off on his ear, he would return a contemptuous refusal. He weeps at every opportunity. His regular office-hours for weeping are from 11 P. M. to 5 A. M., with intermissions for soothing syrup and similar refreshments.

I think he is meditating suicide. I know he has swallowed unlimited quantities of pins, needles, carpet-tacks, and shoe-blackening. I found him yesterday with a box of sulphur-matches in his hand, and he seemed to be in doubt whether he ought to eat them, or whether they were intended for external use only. He seemed, indeed, to favor the latter idea, as he was trying to set fire to the house; but he had some of the matches in his mouth, showing that he had not quite abandoned the former theory.

He has endeavored to drown himself in tubs of cold water; and to scald himself to death

in boilers of hot water; and the number of times he has thrown himself down-stairs is beyond calculation. Ever since he has learned to creep he has been trying to utilize that juvenile accomplishment by crawling out of a two-story window. He recently seized a carving-knife at table in a most ferocious manner, and if it had not been for the timely interposition of Mrs. J., there is no knowing what scenes of carnage might have ensued.

Yes, it is quite clear that he intends to make away with himself.

What can be the cause of it all?

His mother has frequently been of the opinion that it was pins, but I never took any stock in that theory, and she, herself, after mature investigation, has been compelled to abandon it.

Some of our friends have asserted that the baby's future teeth are the cause of all the trouble. I think this is absurd.

It is inconceivable that he should prefer to go through life without any teeth; and even if he did, he ought to reflect that, at the worst, teeth are a temporary evil. Most people manage to get rid of them by a judicious use of molasses-taffy; but even if this remedy should fail, the sufferer need not despair while chewing-tobacco remains as a last resource.

I think it is pure cussedness.

I have learned a good deal since that kid shuffled on this mortal coil, but I don't know everything yet.

MERMAIDS and the mules of the rebellion are known to be immortal.

A MAN HAS been held in seven hundred dollars bail for telling people he was Detective Price when he was only G. F. Clayton. The Justice evidently believes in improving the taste of such prisoners as he deals with, even if he has to resort to heroic measures.

## HOW TO ABATE THE NAKED SMALL BOY NUISANCE.



Our artist suggests that the city authorities have substantial, life-like wooden sharks anchored off each pier to keep the aforesaid small boys from "going in swimming."

## FREE LUNCH.

"THE JOURNALISTIC DEPARTMENT of an Eastern college has just closed its spring session and graduated a class of forty well-trained and perfectly-equipped editorial writers, who have left for New York to secure positions on the leading Metropolitan newspapers." So writes a correspondent to a Western paper. If this is true, we shall soon witness a glut in the police-reporter market. That is the position college journalists usually begin with, when they leave off theory and start in upon practice.

THE SCRANTON, PA., Baseball Club has disbanded. This is not surprising. A Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor is all that a small city like that can reasonably be expected to carry.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER is said to be an expert and accomplished sailor. From this we infer that when General Butler is at the wheel of his yacht, he never steers where he looks.

A BLACK AND WHITE STUDY  
—The Mulatto.

## MY SERVANT.



I've got a wondrous servant-girl who works from morn 'till night,

And ne'er, except by accident, performs a duty right.

In winter-time when biting winds go shrieking through the cold,  
She gives me meat that 's piping hot on platters freezing cold.

And when the breezy summer-time is smiling on the grove,  
She gives me cold beef on a plate she's roasted on the stove.

She breaks the most expensive plates in sets that can't be matched,  
The cheaper ones are never nicked by her or even scratched.

She always fills the lamps at night, and oftentimes I wish  
She would n't take my razor when she wants to clean the fish.

She takes the shears to open cans, with coachmen strange she flirts,  
And washes all the button-holes and buttons off my shirts.

She lights the fire with kerosene, she loses silver spoons,  
And goes out every week on six or seven afternoons.

She sweeps the bed-rooms once a month, if feeling so disposed,  
And at the sideboard fills her glass 'til she 's rosy-nosed.

Her beef is always overdone, her fish and chickens rare,  
Her relatives to her for my provisions oft repair.

She lately drove the duster through the Corot in the hall,  
And cleaning up the parlor knocked the nozzle off St. Paul.

I should feel as blithe and happy as the frisky chickadee,  
With his mate among the blossoms in an orchard apple-tree.

To tie a grind-stone 'round her neck upon some morning fine,  
And drop her down a hundred leagues beneath the tossing brine.

Then would my heart beat gaily on in ecstasies of joy,  
And I should throw my hat up in the air like any boy;

And dance and shout as though a famous victory I'd scored,  
And give house-keeping up for good, and turn around and board.

Oh, here she comes! oh, here she comes! I hear her on the stairs,  
The red-haired tyrant of the house who for me never cares.

Come, Phillida, come, Phillida, get out your newest hat,  
And hurry up that Bridget may be early for the mat.

For, while she 's there with the elite 'neath Pleasure's gilded dome,  
We'll know the meaning of the bliss that dwells in "Home, Sweet Home."

R. K. M.



## SUSANNA.—A PARODY.

**S**TALWART Susanna  
Was a great negress,  
Who from the morning  
Until the twilight  
Worked in the kitchen.

Cooked she the chicken,  
Cooked she the beefsteak,  
Making them tender,  
When they were tougher  
Than the red leather  
Used for book-covers.

Now has Susanna,  
Shining and ebon,  
Passed with her turban  
Into a story.

Let us revere her,  
Also the story,  
Which is as pure as  
Any white lily  
Plucked from the bosom  
Of the still lakelet.

Behind the old cottage  
Where fat Susanna  
Lifted the sugar,  
Smoked-beef and candles  
For her relations,  
Lieth the garden,  
Red with tomatos,  
White with sweet clover,  
Blue with rich pansies.

One day Susanna,  
O'er the stove roasting,  
Thought that to cool off,  
Out in the garden  
Where the soft breezes  
With the leaves dallied  
Would be a good thing.

So from the kitchen,  
Out on the greensward,  
Flitted Susanna  
Like a great song-bird.  
Down at the gateway,  
Under the moonbeams,

Hidden by roses,  
Lilies and woodbine,  
There did she linger,  
Waiting for Thompson.

After she'd waited  
Several hours,  
Thinking him fickle,  
Faithless, false-hearted,  
In her emotion  
Down to her gaiters  
Reached she like lightning,  
Fetched up a razor  
And Susansided.

Soon at that gateway  
Grew a gold flower—  
A meadow mulatto—  
Black in the centre.  
That was the first one  
Seen by a mortal,  
And was the first of  
All those field daisies  
Called black-eyed Susans.

## RANDOM REMARKS.



IF THERE is one thing more than another that has the weird funereal flavor of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," it is an undertaker sitting in his store on a rainy night reading the death notices by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp.

JERSEY MOSQUITOS are not so formidable after all. A man just returned from the marshy districts of the Great South Bay, Long Island, says that the bills of mosquitos down there are used for sewing-machine needles by the natives.

A LONDON CITIZEN recently went home with his coat torn and his face badly disfigured, and informed his wife that he had been struck by a falling star. He was afraid that if he told her the truth, she might not believe him.

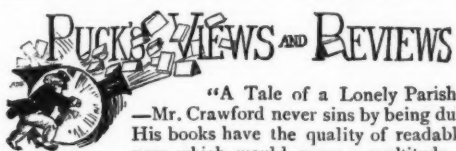
THE EXHILARATION of being drunk in Philadelphia is said by those who have tried it to be very much like the exhilaration of being sober in New York. There is about that much difference in the two towns.

WHERE IS the best place to get moss-bunkers, Alcestes? Why, right in the moss of a time-honored joke, of course.

THE GREAT fifteen-puzzle of this age is how to get married on fifteen dollars a week.

THERE ARE four quarters in about everything except the light-weight dollars.

THE BUZZ-SAW is no respecter of thumbs.



### "A Tale of a Lonely Parish."

—Mr. Crawford never sins by being dull. His books have the quality of readability which would cover a multitude of sins. The quality in some of his previous works has seemed to cloak a sufficient number of faults, and it is a pleasure to commend this volume, from the press of Macmillan & Co., for other virtues than the one mentioned. He has left behind him the hysterical passion which vexeth the heart, and the weirdness which "don't seem to come to anything in particular," and has written a strong and a satisfactory story. John Short is a thoroughly good character-study. It is a study of what is called in rural New England "calf-love," the intense but evanescent passion of a very young man for a woman many years older than himself. There are opportunities enough to study this phase of affection. Most young men, at some period of their budding manhood, display its symptoms with more or less vigor. Mr. Crawford has given a strongly marked case, which shows all the characteristics of the complaint. Here is the picture of a bright young man, a thoroughly good fellow, who makes himself miserably disagreeable because he has fallen in love with a woman ten years his senior, who will not devote all her time and attention to him. It is admirably done, and carries us back—well, several years. The excellence of this study makes John Short the most prominent feature in the book, though he is not the most prominent in the story, which is a story with a plot. Mr. Crawford has written nothing better, nothing more full of promise than this story.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have republished "The Country Banker," by George Rae, an English book, with an introduction by Mr. Brayton Ives. The man who doesn't understand the mysteries of the banking business will find much valuable advice relative to the care of his money, if he has any. To get any money out of a bank it appears to be necessary to put some in. What we really want is a book which will tell us how to draw money without the painful necessity of getting some to deposit.

"The Vanderbilts," written by W. A. Croffut, and thrown upon an unsuspecting world by Belford, Clarke & Co., is a sketch of the existence of Commodore Vanderbilt and his son, William H. Vanderbilt. It is possible that some people in this world will see good reasons why the histories of these two men should be preserved in book-form, but we fail—we humbly confess it—we fail to see any. We wish we knew why Mr. Croffut was moved to an endeavor to show that the Vanderbilts were good and great, as well as rich. There is no man who creates so much of a sensation in the world while he is in it, and who is so quickly forgotten when he goes out of it, as a man who has nothing but his wealth to recommend him. Perhaps Mr. Croffut wrote his book in order that the Vanderbilts might not be forgotten. We fear they will be forgotten just the same.

Messrs. J. I. Ogilvie & Co., have collected "Perdita" and other stories, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a paper-covered volume, containing very cheap material throughout. The author of "Poems of Passion" has hidden a nice little moral in the bowels of each tale, and the stories are a cross between Godey's Lady Book and Sunday School fiction. They are harmless, but nobody is in danger of mistaking them for literature.

We are told, by a thoroughly reliable paper, that certain journals cut West don't print poetry. We should say they did n't print poetry, if it is fair to judge by some of the verses we have seen in them.

### DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

BACKING WATER—Temperance Lecturing.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH—The Palate.

A LOVE SET—The Hen's.

A WELL CONTESTED RACE—The Irish.

A DOUBLE-ENDER—The Crab.

A MIDSHIP MITE—The Steerage Meal.

WON'T WASH—The Socialists.

THE GREAT FOUR IN HAND—The Aces.



BIGMUGG, the ogress, liked the dude,  
She liked him for to eat;  
She caught one in her trap one day,  
And counted on a treat.

She wore a bread pan for a hat  
This giant ogress proud,  
Although her enemies declared  
They thought it rather loud.

This bread pan had grown dark and dim;  
And darker each day grew;  
She offered large reward to him,  
Who should restore it new.

The dude admired the metal hat,  
She said he should go free,  
If he 'd restore its ancient shine.  
"Please let me try," said he.

He scrubbed the hat and made it shine  
In radiant splendor bright;  
Whereat she liberated him  
And fainted from delight.

The dude went off in highest glee,  
Shouting, "Ah, don't-ye-know,  
It's saved my life, this cake of stuff  
They call SAPOLIO."





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For Gout, Dyspepsia, Bilious Fevers, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, Dr. Tutt's Pills have been wonderfully successful. These diseases are the result of Torpid Liver, Impaired Digestion, and Impure Blood.

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An honest Quaker writes from Floy, Ala.: "Dr. Tutt: Respected Sir—Having taken thy pills, I find they have done me good. I write this card to know how they can be obtained. I don't think I can do without them. They are a great blessing to the sick, and thou will have thy reward."  
W. H. ELROD."

**Tutt's Liver Pills**  
PURIFY THE BLOOD,  
44 Murray St., N. Y.

**PUCK ON WHEELS**

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty Cents.

ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, Commissioner of Public Works in New York, is to be impeached. The poetry from his pen, which the daily papers of that city have been printing within the past few days, is not included in the charges. He will probably be hung for that.—*Norristown Herald*.

If the report that editor Cutting intends to inflict a lecture tour upon this country should be corroborated, our government should instruct the Mexican authorities to keep him in jail one thousand years.—*Norristown Herald*.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Would you or any of your many readers inform a constant reader how to learn to play the flute?" Not if we know ourselves.—*Burlington Free Press*.

### Warning!

How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of **Angostura Bitters**, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.

"He lives above his station,"  
Was what the people said,  
And true—he was the depot-man  
And lived up overhead.

—*Yonkers Gazette*.

We do not believe that a hen scratches for a living. She scratches for exercise. If you don't believe it, watch a well-fed hen in her humble cage at the market. She will scratch on the sheet-iron floor with all the vigor of a gold-digger, and affect to find things to eat with all the innocent assumption of a man who slips on the ice, breaks both legs and his back, and tries to look as though he hadn't fallen down.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

VISITOR (regarding the baby).—Oh, what a dear little duck of a child! He resembles you both, indeed he does. He has got his mother's handsome eyes, and his father's hair.

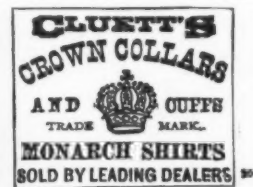
FATHER (who is bald-headed).—I guess he has; I haven't.—*Texas Siftings*.

He was a carpenter. He had lifted his hammer to strike a nail. Did he strike? Not much! He paused, then returned the hammer to his box. The twelve o'clock whistle had blown. He was working by the day.—*Philadelphia (Daily) Herald*.

DENTIST.—There's no use pulling that tooth. It's as sound as can be.

CITIZEN.—Well, I don't care if it is. Pull it, anyway. I'm bound to make an example of it for the benefit of the rest.—*Tid-Bits*.

THE WATER-MELON is not amphibious. Neither is the Prohibitionist. But PUCK ON WHEELS is getting into the public heart at the rate of a mile a minute.—*Adv.*



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.



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Bathing pavilion, restaurant, and beautiful shady grounds, NOW OPEN. SEPARATE PICNIC GROUNDS.

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Elegant drive from 92d St. Ferry, Astoria, along river-front, opposite Hell Gate, Ward's Island, etc., to Bowery Bay Beach. 633

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We parted in silence, we parted by night,

On the bank of a beautiful river;

No sound but a gurgle, as out of my sight

Swift she sank with scarcely a shiver.

The nightingales warbled, the stars sweetly shone,

And though she will rise again never,

No sorrow was shown for the life that had flown,

For that cat is silent forever.

—Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle.

THEY WANTED "BIG SWEET WIND."—Two Indians entered a drug-store on Third Street. One was a tall young man, and his companion was an aged and dried-up specimen of humanity. They were dressed in dark, ill-fitting clothes, and each of them had on moccasins. Their black slouch hats only partially concealed their jet black hair.

Marching into the center of the store, the red man, after the style of the pow-wow around the camp-fire, expressed himself as follows:

"Big Injun wants heap big sweet wind."

Without any hesitation, the clerk at the soda-fountain turned off two glasses of the effervescent soda-water and gave them to the two red men. The Indians drank and were satisfied.—*St. Paul Globe.*

EX-SERGEANT CONNELL, who is a survivor of the Greely expedition, was not fit to eat. He will lecture.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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EVARTS made his silver speech yesterday. The country would now like to hear from his interpreter.—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Times*.

A CANADIAN man says that he will jump with any man in America for five hundred dollars. If he is acquainted with the Americans who have jumped into Canada, he ought to know that they never jump for any such paltry sum as five hundred dollars.—*Boston Post*.

THE Anarchists who are out of jail are talking more of ballots and less of bullets these days than formerly. It is a good sign.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

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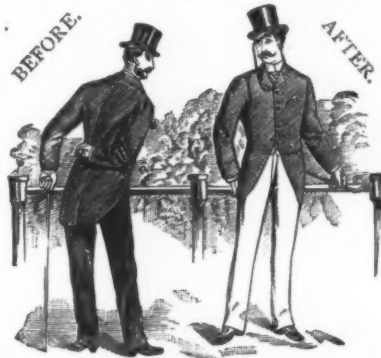
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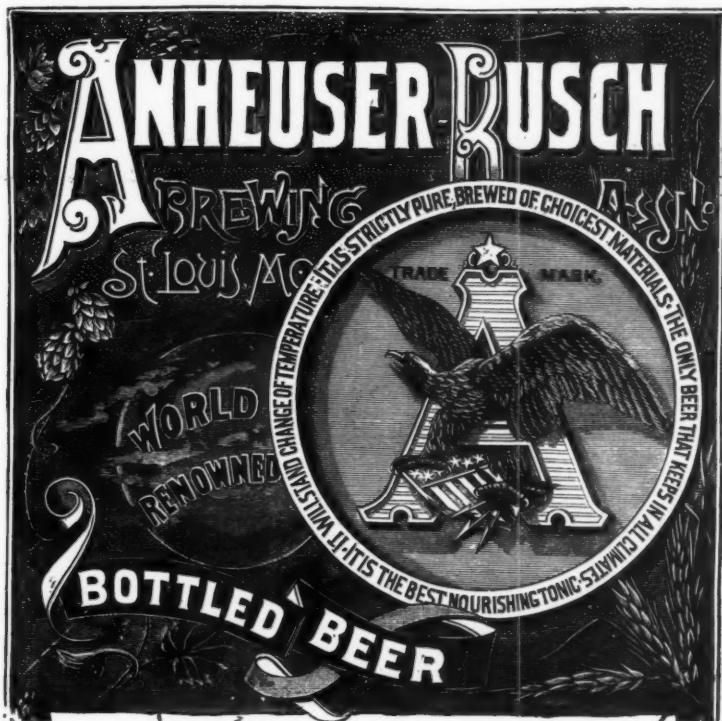
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A political cartoon by J. Ottoboni, 1906, depicting a public trial of various figures. The figures are labeled with names and roles: 'CONTRACTOR DISHONEST', 'THIEF', 'ACCESSORY', 'FLYNN', 'MCKOWITZ', 'PUBLIC OPINION', 'GRACE', 'CORRUPT', and 'ORIGINAL'. The figures are shown in various states of undress and are being judged by a group of men in suits and hats. The cartoon is signed 'J. OTTOBONI' in the bottom right corner.

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